

# Yellowstone Park

Dear Jake

You're going to owe me a good letter, when this long one comes to tell you about my adventures today in Yellowstone Park.



Here I am in this astonishing park, on vacation. This isn't just "colossal, stupendous and fabulous"—like a movie—it's merely Yellowstone, the Wonderland of a modest Mother Nature. I am impressed first by the Bigness of this place; talk about wide open spaces! This park has untold miles of them. "Room to swing a cat," I thought, if I had one or two with me that wouldn't mind. Imagine how they'll follow me (the cats, that is) when they see my morning catch of trout from Yellowstone Lake → Shall I stay, and live happily ever after on free fish and wild berries in this land of plenty?

You know how I go for horseback riding, especially at sunrise, before breakfast; well I'll have you know this... isn't me. I didn't ride today, but I joyfully watched other eager and energetic dudes who did. You can see me now at ease sumptuously in the warm sun. I can, with some effort, look up at those lively ones who shudder happily and cover their eyes in high places.

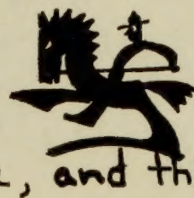
The cowboys, horses, are nice guys and pictures, but give me the



who mind the let you take their Rangers! Oh, say—



I just put this one → the park Rangers really walk cordially with you,



and they say "do not feed the bears." I am liking all the cunning baby bears but not feeding any. In Yellowstone, I've seen all the kinds of wild animals drawn below,



plus loads

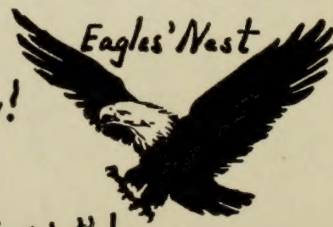


of antelope in the meadow by the Gardiner Gate. Rangers say Big Horn Sheep are there too.

I haven't seen any today, but eagles, yes—

Eagles' Nest

Rock is right by the antelope, and busy!



Things are moving here and in all

directions: look down, and say "Ah!"

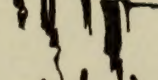
Look up, in the Geyser Basins



and cheer as

Old Faithful

zooms to the



clouds high

as a

skyscraper,

every hour,

unfailing

and magnificent!

Yellowstone whips

up the



strangest ideas for rocks in odd shapes

and

colored terraces, and in waters, hot

and cold, some pools sputtering and surging like a

bromo; others that rest quiet, deep, clear and rich

like a jewel. You know how coffee boils all over when

it shouldn't? Well, we are minding our own business here,

and right out of the ground comes a rock-rimmed "Punch

Bowl" boiling over like mad with the greenest clear water

you ever saw, and soon we see a calm, glorious pool

of indigo blue — the "Morning Glory."

All around our hotel, Old Faithful Inn,

believe me, are ponds that sizzle

and steam, rock biscuits that grow and change color,

geysers that roar and burst columns of water over-

head like skyrocket. One "musical" geyser obligingly

plays "Over the River."

This is the friendliest place! Imagine me

waving Hello, western style, to everybody. "Hi Podner."

People do it in Yellowstone. You shake hands with

perfect strangers, like pals. You dance with them

and admire the flowers and together go to see the

"Paint Pots" erupting bubbles of pink mud, or

to lean over vantage points of the Grand

Canyon, whose beauty tugs at your heart,

or to hike the woodland trails, climbing

mountains with a trusty rope.

Just the

writing from this, an

Park, where sights to

all day long. Goodbye

say again that I

never write you a nice long letter.

literal truth I'm

amazing American

see Keep us excited

now and don't ever

never write you a

Larlee



